

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

No. I.—MCBETH (continued).

ACT II., SCENE 2, PART 3. Scene as before.

Lady MCBETH and MCBETH discovered seated at table. Lights down, then gradually up. Music pianissimo.

Lady M. Is BANQUO noe back for supper yet?

McB. (grimly). I'm noe thinkin' he'll want muckle supper the nicht.

Lady M. (handing him his food). I dinna ken hoo that may be. Mon BANQUO hae a gran' appetite for supper.

McB. Hoots, wife, ye're sair lackin' in peenetration.

Lady M. (crossly). Eat yer haggis, mon, and dinna talk fulishness. (Enter BANQUO.) Eh, mon, ye're gey an' late, I'm thinkin'.

McB. (to Lady MCBETH, jumping up with a scream). Tak' him awa', tak' him awa'. He's a spuke.

Lady M. Whisht, mon, what are ye skirlin' at?

McB. He's a spuke, I tell ye, a braw, onhandsom' ghaistie. Dinna hae nocht to do wi' him.

Lady M. Ye're gane clean oot of yer senses, guidmon. (Aside to him, while she helps BANQUO to his supper.) Can ye noe keep yer tongue frae clackin'?

McB. (lamentably). Hecht, woman, ye're mazed. A grit awsom' corpsie comes to supper and ye waste guid haggis on him. I hae nae peetience wi' sic extreavagance.

Lady M. (to BANQUO). Dinna heed his caicklin. He's fey, pur soul. (To MCBETH.) Will ye noe hault yer noise?

McB. (much aggrieved). Aweel, I say nothin'. But I'm noe used to sittin' doon to supper wi' a bogle.

Lady M. (to BANQUO, giving him more haggis). Hae ye had a guid walk?

Banquo. 'Twas weel enough. I met twa hulkin' kerns wha attackit me verra unexpectedly. But I knockit their heads thegither and they rinned awa'.

McB. (weeping at this revelation of Southron duplicity). An' I gied them twenty guid shillin'! The swindlin' cantrips!

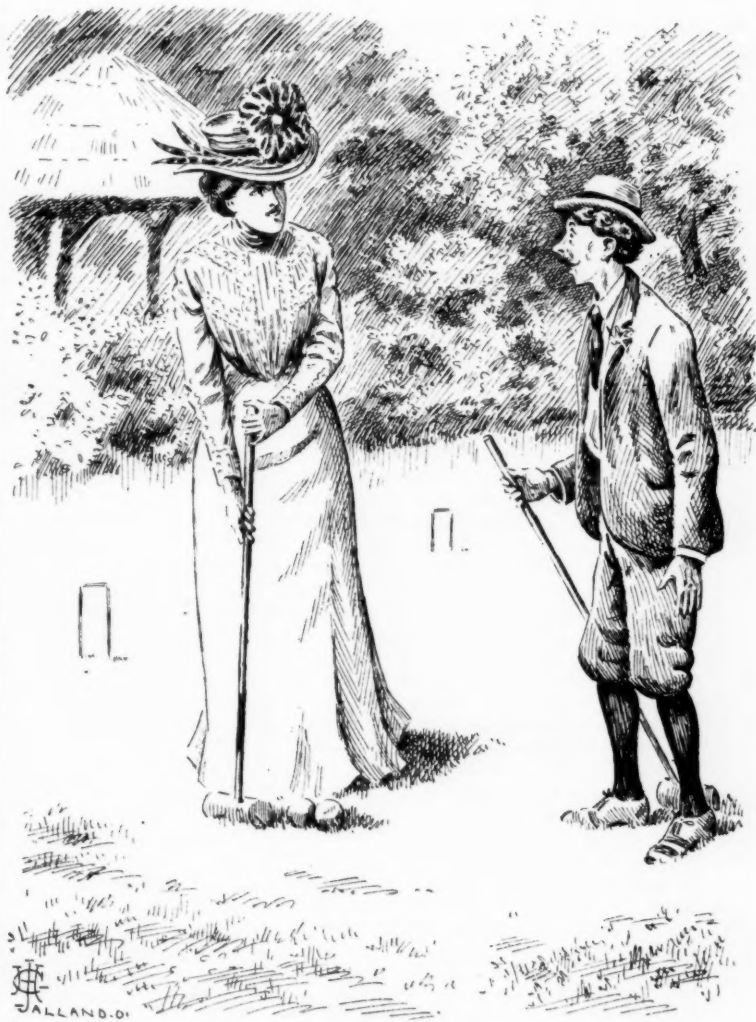
Lady M. (alarmed, to MCBETH). Hault yer tongue, mon, and dinna greet like that. (To BANQUO.) Dinna listen to him. My guidmon is often tuke sae.

Banquo (to MCBETH). Mon, mon, dinna fash yersell that ye hanna slitten my throttle. There's time enough.

McB. (refusing to be comforted). Eh, mon, 'twas downright robbery. I com-missioned them to do it, and they promised me faithfu'.

Banquo (rising). Aweel, I maun gang to bed. And dinna come skelpin' round me the nicht or 'twill noe be wholesom' for ye. [Exit BANQUO.]

Lady M. Hoots, mon, ye hae mad' a complete exhibeetion of yersell. Ye'll noe be able to kill him noo without a scandal.



AN ALARMING THREAT.

Miss Dora (debating her stroke). "I HAVE A GREAT MIND TO KNOCK YOU INTO THE BUSHES, MR. PIPPS!"

[Mr. Pippis (who is a complete novice at the game) contemplates instant flight. He was just on the point of proposing, too.]

McB. (rather relieved). That's verra true. We maun'gie up the whole sinfu' enterprise.

Lady M. Will ye noe gang to the Weird Seesters an' speir if they canna help us?

McB. Nae, nae, I hae had enough of the auld wirriecows. They hae costit me mair than theerty shillin'. I'll tak' a wee bit mair haggis an' forget the whole wearifu' beesiness. St. J. H.

(Curtain.)

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM. — "Crossing-sweeper and Lady with Trailing Skirt

(Working Models)." On the insertion of a two-cent piece in the slot, these bizarre automatons will demonstrate how the streets of London were scavenged during the Age of Dirt. They work as a pair together, as the originals supplemented each other. Between them all microbes were effectually hustled and kept on the move. The more alert bacteria profited by the opportunity to follow in the lady's train into Mayfair drawing-rooms, and thus see something of high life. Once having made good their footing in Society, they were seldom or never dislodged.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. III.—THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ADOLPHUS BUFFERTOP, M.P.

ADOLPHUS, when I knew him first, was stout,
 Rotund and apple-cheeked, a cheerful boy,
 Within whose trouser-pocket there reposed
 Much treasure garnered from the deuce knows where,
 And stored with indiscriminating zeal.
 Item, a watchkey, not designed to fit
 His watch, or any watch that mortal knew;
 Item, three yards of string, a tangled maze;
 Two chestnuts pierced with holes, and so prepared
 To break or conquer in the mimic fray—
 "Conkers" we called them ere they met the doom
 That falls to every chestnut soon or late.
 Item, a pencil guiltless of a point;
 Two lengths of stout elastic formed to be
 The missile power of his catapult;
 The catapult was absent: it had been
 Confiscate to an usher weeks before.
 An indiarubber ball; three drawing-pins;
 Two little slabs of polished cocoa-nut,
 Soon to be fashioned by his cunning hand
 To anchors, crosses, hearts and things that were
 His sister's pleasure and his mother's pride.
 Item, a piece of steel—it had a spring,
 And some day it was meant to take its place
 Upon a pocket pistol, and discharge
 Shots at his comrades' calves—you know the kind.
 Item, an apple—what, at least, had been
 An apple once, but now reduced to core,
 Fluffy and brown with age, it had become
 The mouldy relic of a ribstone pippin.
 One halfpenny and one farthing, and a knife
 Broken in blade; a crumpled paper bag,
 Empty, but redolent of peppermint.
 And, last, within the utmost corner lurked
 A lollipop not utterly devoid
 Of stickiness: reluctantly it left—
 Clinging to life and lining to the last—
 Its warm retreat, to be transferred at once
 Into its owner's much-desiring mouth.
 From these contents, so faithfully set down,
 You may infer ADOLPHUS: he was much
 What many boys are at the age of twelve.
 Take him at fourteen, see him in his class
 With thirty other boys, the Lower Fourth.
 It is the hour for *Cæsar*; BUFFERTOP
 Cared not for *Cæsar*; little did he reck
 Of Gaul and its divisions, little cared
 For marches, camps, attacks and winter quarters.
 He saw no use in Latin, and his mind,
 Which should have followed *CÆSAR* to the wars,
 Strayed to the tuck-shop or the playing field.
 On him thus gathering wool an eagle eye
 Pounced, and the master's sudden voice broke out
 Sternly, "Stand up and construe, BUFFERTOP."
 Oh, luckless BUFFERTOP! He stood indeed,
 But that was all; his book was in his hand;
 His fevered eye went up and down the page,
 Finding nor stay nor comfort as it went.
 RUDGE minor prompted him, but all in vain,
 And took an imposition for his pains.
 Then spoke the master, "'Tis the fifteenth time
 That BUFFERTOP's attention is at fault.
 Such infamies must cease—one hundred lines!"
 "Oh, Sir!"—"Two hundred," was the swift retort.
 "Please, Sir, I didn't—" "Do four hundred then."
 "But, Sir, I—" "Write EIGHT hundred; and to show

That I will not be trifled with, stay in
 For two half-holidays at least, and learn
 That inattention brings you misery."
 He paused indignant, but the culprit's soul
 Was wrung with woe; down on the form he sank,
 And sobbed as though his heart would break, and wiped
 With inky fingers both his brimming eyes,
 And both his streaming cheeks, a hideous sight.
 And even as he sobbed a vision mocked
 His aching senses, and he saw the field
 Next Saturday, and all the merry rout
 Of happy boys, their cricket bats in hand,
 Pitching the stumps; and someone seemed to say
 "Where's BUFFERTOP, our champion junior bat?"
 And someone answered him, "Kept in," whereat
 His heartless fellows laughed, and he the while,
 Pent in the hateful class-room, laboured on.
 Ah well, he was assured that keepings in
 And lines were very dangerous to health.
 It might be he would fade away and die,
 And then too late his virtues would be known,
 And the harsh master who had kept him in,
 Racked by remorse, would pour upon his grave
 The tardy tribute of repentant tears.
 Too late, too late! for BUFFERTOP would lie
 Cold in his coffin underneath the earth.
 His piteous mother would bewail her son,
 Crying, "Give back, oh, give me back my boy!"
 And it might chance his father would be wroth,
 And send policemen to arrest his foe,
 And doom him to the scaffold and the rope.
 With this consoled he ceased to weep, and raised
 His heavy head, and, lastly, stowed away
 His handkerchief, and came to life again.

(To be continued.)

R. C. L.

NEVER TOO LATE FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

SIR,—I subjoin a letter and a sketch made on the spot. The writer and drawer are most reliable persons. They've sworn to the truth, and I have no sort of reason to doubt their word.

—I am, Sir, yours,

LITTLEMORE DOTTIE, R.H.M.



Me and my mate was steaming 23 deg. (worse than usual) 8 bells-and-make-it-so by the Chukkar Outago Islands, where we saw a mermaid a-playin' on a harp which my messmate said as was a liar, so I knocked him down as bein' rude to a mermaid with a liar in her arms, and she was playin' to the sea-sarpint, as was so pleased with it as he wisked up his tale and dived down, so my other mate ony had time to draw this ere likeness of her and send it, the sarpint avin gone out of site. Please forrurd me and my mate ten soverins for infurmashun reseved and for piksher of same.

Aboard the Grumpur.

Yours on oath,

BEN BOOZER.

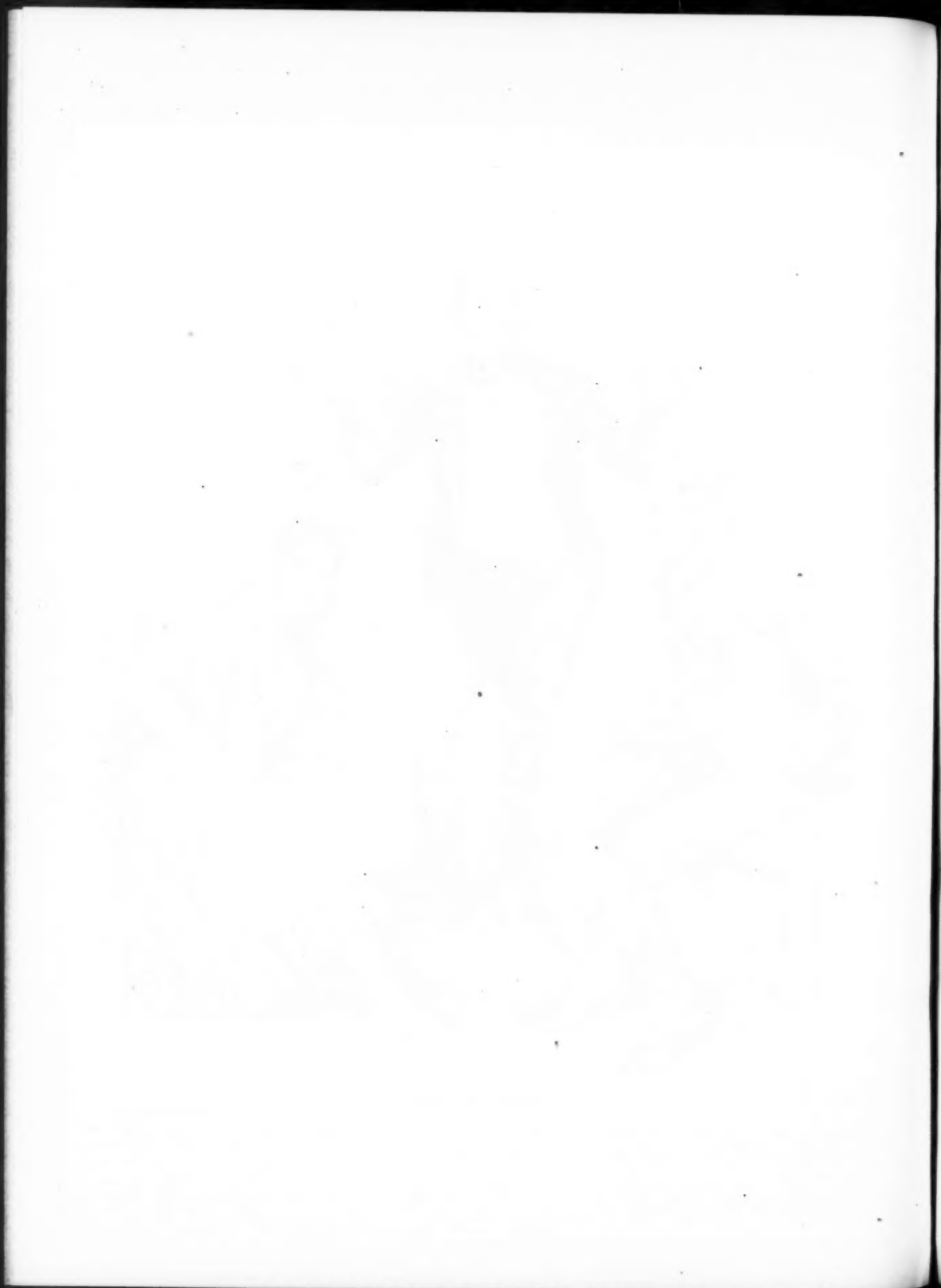
TOM TITE.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Costume of a Pan-Celt." A combination of a Roman toga, a Druid's dressing-gown, and a thirteenth-century wimple for the head, the whole dating from the year 1901. It has nothing to do with pan-taloon or pantomime, as has been asserted by certain unsympathetic Saxon archaeologists, who have gone so far as to question the existence even of a "Pan-Celt." It is said, however, that there were, about this time, certain renegade English who were anxious to unlearn their mother-tongue and make antiquarian exhibits of themselves by acquiring a more abusive and moribund language.



'FREE AS AIR.'

Lord Rosebery (as Harold Skimpole). "I WOULD ADMIT THIS—THAT WHILE THE TREASURY DOES ITS DUTY IN A HARD AND CONSCIENTIOUS MANNER, IT IS A LITTLE DEFICIENT IN THE QUALITY OF IMAGINATION! NOW, MY DEAR FRIENDS, AS TO THIS TUNNEL BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, THERE IS SO MUCH MONEY WANTED. I HAVE NOT AN IDEA HOW MUCH. CALL IT EIGHT MILLIONS, CALL IT EIGHT PENCE. THEY TELL ME IT MAY COST MORE THAN THAT. I DARE SAY IT WILL. I DARE SAY THEY'LL MAKE IT COST AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. IF THEY DON'T PUT A LIMIT, WHY SHOULD I? THERE YOU HAVE ROSEBERY-SKIMPOLE IN LITTLE. IF THAT'S RESPONSIBILITY, I AM RESPONSIBLE."—See Lord Rosebery's Speech at Stranraer, "Times," Sept. 26. Vide "Bleak House," Vol. I., Chap. 6.



FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

"JUNGLES."

TEHRE is a spot in Afric West,
By white man's foot it's ne'er been
pressed,

For he's not the chap to bungle.
There's no one would be such an ass—
It's eighty miles of black morass,
And a hundred more of jungle.
The sleepy crocodile eyes the moon,
And the python gives an afternoon
Or a small and early party. [care,
The microbe thrives, for he's free from
In the reeking, pestilential air,
And the expert who shall first get there
Is sure of a welcome hearty.

A guileless stranger, wandering round,
Within a brandy shanty found
The owner of this location.
And then this, also, guileless chief
Produced some plans which showed a reef
Of a banket true formation.
The gentleman dark released his grip
For a bit in cash and some promised scrip,
And the purchaser sent a cable.
Thus starting out on his road to fame;
And quite *au fait* at the latest game,
He christened his "mine" a crackjaw
name,
That certainly helped the fable.

To London soon he brought his wares,
People struggled and fought for shares
In the manner he intended.
The buyers do not feel they're sold,
They dream of tons of standard gold
For the thousands they've expended.
But, still the crocodile eyes the moon
And the python gives an afternoon
Or a small and early party.
The microbe thrives, he is free from care,
In the reeking, pestilential air,
And the expert who shall first get there,
Is sure of a welcome hearty.

WHIFFLETON'S BOGEY.

(Continued from September 18.)

"So you've noticed that I'd something
on my mind," said WHIFFLETON, slowly.

"Egad, I should think so," observed
the Colonel. "I don't ask any man to
laugh at my jokes. I pity his lack of
humour—but, dash it all, I don't expect
to be treated as a criminal. Perhaps,
like other men with your income, you
begin to feel the burden of riches. Well,
the cure is simple. There's no need to
stalk about like a melodramatic villain.
We could all do with a better balance at
our banks, eh, boys?"

"We would do anything to make you
happy," put in GREGSON heartily.

WHIFFLETON ordered a small brandy,
then lit a cigar. After this appropriate
prologue, he remarked, "The truth of it is
—I'm haunted. Ever since I returned
from Cornwall, I've been haunted day and
night. I can't escape the horrid thing."



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

Dilapidated Old Party (squalling)—

"WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER
WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLL'D AWAY!"

"Troublesome matter, holiday flirtations," said the Colonel, gravely. "I remember in India—"

"Holiday flirtations be jiggered," interrupted WHIFFLETON impatiently.

"Women aren't the only horrid things—beg pardon, GREGSON, Mrs. G— excluded, of course. I'm haunted by the obvious. It follows me everywhere. It started after a course of magazine reading during my long railway journeys. It gave me no peace afterwards. When I began a story, it whispered the conclusion. I met a friend, it told me what he would say. I knew exactly what the people opposite at *table d'hôte* would chat about. I foresaw all the Colonel's jokes when I returned. I knew what every mother's son of you would say in reply to my enquiries: 'great mistake, holidays'; 'What, you in town again?' etc. I rush to the theatre or a music hall, the thing pursues me there. I open the papers—" WHIFFLETON groaned.

"Hullo, WHIFFLETON!" called out a jovial looking man at another table. "Just a word with you if it's convenient."

"Coming," said WHIFFLETON in a tragic voice. "Shall I tell you what he'll say?" he added in a gloomy whisper. "He borrowed five pounds from me last June—and he's going to say, awfully sorry he can't square things, but if I make it ten he's expecting some luck at the end of the week—well, you know the old game. Oh, this bogey of mine!"

"Thanks, old chap," said the jovial borrower, as WHIFFLETON came up, "much obliged for that fiver. Better take it now whilst I have it. Eh—what—?"

WHIFFLETON wrung his hand with wild hilarity. "You've destroyed it," he said, "the darned thing's gone! Here, have the money, take another fiver. Yes, I insist!"

The jovial man whistled. "Good dodge that, though risky," he murmured to himself as he jingled some small change.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

THE "ETERNAL CITY" SECTION.

(Continued from September.)

19TH.—THE rays of the afternoon sun fell in rich blotches of golden glory on the walls of ATHENA's studio underneath the Hill of the Demi-Nymphs. Palette in hand, her prehensile fingers were rapidly blocking out in the plastic clay the features of the great Athenian Martyr. As the temperature of her feelings towards her model had moved up from the zero of hatred to the boiling point (80° Réaumur) of passionate worship, so the bust had successively represented CLEON (the brawling demagogue), ALCIBIADES, HERODOTUS, THEMISTOCLES, ARISTIDES, and finally SOCRATES himself. The work, when accomplished, was to be a pleasant surprise for the model, who had always been looking the other way.

20TH.—The door opened. "Honorable DOTTI!" cried the butler, and withdrew without comment. The Deputy entered carrying a large *mpaoulo* (trunk) heavily padlocked. He gave a quiet sniff of satisfaction as he recognised the familiar perfume of patchouli. Then silently, as if by the force of a habit which he was powerless to arrest, he stepped to the throne, wrought of Parian marble and draped with Phœnician *byssos* (a kind of linen, not so diaphanous as Coan silk) and assumed a bust-like attitude with his back to the artist. There was an expression on his face. It was the spirit of outraged Justice. The atmosphere of the studio tingled with suppressed passion. As the salient features of SOCRATES leaped into actuality under her rapid touch, it seemed to ATHENA that she could not resist the impulse to infuse some of her own superfluous warmth into the lifeless clay. Furtively she kissed the Martyr's clammy nose. It was the connubial instinct. For the moment she was playing the part of XANTHIPPE.

21ST.—The silence was broken by DOTTI's voice, the relic of a noble organ ruined by the practice of addressing outdoor crowds in the teeth of a brutal constabulary.

"ATHENA," he said, "my soul has learned to trust in your discretion, and the purity of your motives, ever since that hour in my bachelor attic when you introduced yourself to me in an evening dress that displayed the full round ripeness of your youth and beauty. I will now proceed to read aloud to you a little thing of my own composition. It is the draught of a poster giving instructions to the Great Over-taxed how to behave at our mass-meeting to-morrow night under the columns of Zeus Olympios. For days they have been coming in from far and near; not only from Attica and the Peloponnese, but from the uttermost isles of the Archipelago. I ought, perhaps, to say that the splendid paradox of the opening sentence is taken verbatim from the pen of the Master. I have printed the passage in small caps."

"Go on, DANIEL DOTTI," said ATHENA. "My heart is with you. But don't look round."

The Deputy took a long breath and began. Never had his face so closely resembled the Bust as at this moment.

22ND.—"Friends, Athenians, Countrymen! THE SKY IS DARK, THE HEAVENS ARE VOID, WE ARE TRAVELLING BENEATH THE STORM-CLOUD. Yet it has the customary silver lining. It is the dawn of the Milky Way, though still no bigger than a man's hand. Come, then, to the Olympieion in your myriads, leaving behind your poniards and shot-guns. Let each man wear his own hair with a simple branch of olive twined about it. It shall be at once a symbol of Peace, and a protest against the olive-tax. Do not provoke violence. The hired soldiers, themselves your down-trodden brothers, would be reluctantly tempted to retaliate. Do nothing, or you will surely be done by. Simply assemble and talk. Better still, just listen to me. Respect property. Pay honour

to vested interests. Remember Thermopylae! Remember Salamis! To-morrow after dark; say, about 8.30. DANIEL DOTTI.

23RD.—"Beautiful, isn't it?" cried ATHENA. "And now tell me something about your past. I feel I must have met you in another and a better world." There was a passionate appeal in her mulberry eyes. "My child," enquired DOTTI, "are you strong enough to bear the truth?" "Try me," she said. With that, having drawn down the blinds, he extracted from the trunk a phono-cinematobiograph with oxy-hydrogen lantern complete. Fixing them in position, he cleared his throat and started:—

24TH TO 26TH.—"Constantly harried by the police in my capacity of Friend of Man, yet never, even in my most rapid movements—even when my very boots were an impediment—have I consented to part with this ingeniously complicated instrument, my sole memento of the noblest Exile I ever clasped eyes on."

ATHENA's attention had now become seriously diverted from the Bust.

"The victim of his virtues, he was placed in what is invariably known as *domicilio coatto* (confinement) on a sea-bound island. There, loaded with chains, and guarded day and night by heavy dragoons with drawn sabres, he ultimately perished. That man was your father!"

ATHENA's palette fell from her nerveless grasp.

"I now turn on the gas, and both the dead and the dead-alive will appear. The scene before you represents Trafalgar Square. Victorious troops from Egypt are marching by. They have just detrained at Charing Cross. I suppose they must have come overland as far as Calais or Boulogne. You will notice the Exiled Philanthropist with a bright little girl and a handsome Greek boy, the latter holding a stuffed squirrel on wheels by a string."

A sudden tremor passed through ATHENA's limbs. It shook her easel, displacing the Bust, which fell nose-downwards with a thud to the floor. Where it fell, there it stuck.

"The Philanthropist addresses the boy. 'DANIEL LEONIDAS,' he says, 'listen to the band!' The drums and fifes are passing; they are playing *The Girl I left behind me!* The little maid is speaking to the Philanthropist. 'Papa,' she asks, 'is deer playing *Kingum tum?*'"

ATHENA's knees were going under her. She sank down uneasily on the moist clay of the prostrate *chef d'œuvre*.

"I never rightly understood," continued DOTTI, "why she could manage the guttural in the word *Kingdom*, and yet failed to pronounce it in the word *come*. But let that pass. Now the gentleman hails a four-wheeler. 'Soho!' he cries. 'What ho!' answers the cabman. 'So-ho!' replies the Exile with grave courtesy."

ATHENA could bear no more. "But surely," she cried, "my father never made a joke?"

"Not consciously," replied DOTTI. "I learned much from him in that respect. I owe him a great debt."

"But who is the little LEONIDAS in the picture?"

"*Ego o idios* (I myself)! DOTTI is an *alias*."

"Never mind, dear," cried ATHENA. "To me, whatever your real name, you will never be anything but dotty!" She smiled shyly at her own *jeu d'esprit*, and flung herself upon his answering chest.

* * * * *

27TH.—DEAREST HUSBAND,—For are we not man and wife in all except actual fact?—Ever since you left me at the church-door at 4 A.M. this morning in a red wig and top-boots, so as to elude the cordon of detectives, I have been wondering what you had for breakfast. I say to myself, "Why does he hold such perilous opinions?" And then I remember that I have promised to be your true little help-meet.

All the police are asking one another "Have you seen Honorable DOTTI?" The crowds are restive and want to go home. Throughout the night the troops were raking them with shot and shell; but the list of casualties is smaller than we anticipated. One milch-goat from the Stadion killed by a



He. "AND SHE SENT ME AS A SOUVENIR A LITTLE BOOK OF POEMS, BY—ER—BY—OH, BOTH THE NAME—BY—"
 She. "BY POST, I EXPECT."

15-pounder, and a Member of the *Boule* (Parliament) bitten by a stray dog in the Street of Victory.

Your loving ATHENA.

28TH.—MY DEAR DANIEL DOTTI,—Of course it is splendid having love-letter after love-letter from you, full of such beautiful language about the Republic of Man, and telling me how you have got the greater part of Europe to agree with you. But I was a little jealous of the Parisian ladies. I feel happier now you are in Berlin. I have had all your placards put up; and, as you must have foreseen, am soon going to prison for it. I am dying to have you back; but still, don't you think that Athens may be a little warm for you? You see, it is only quite a short time since you left, and some of the detectives remember names and faces so curiously well. Or, are you coming back in the red wig and a new *nom de plume*? I feel so excited.

Your faithful little Wife.

29TH.—"Dearest," said ATHENA, as she lay limply in DOTTI'S arms, "I am so glad that I lived long enough to see your hour of triumph, and share your joy at the Abolition of Hierarchies. How our poor human methods are but as clay or plasticene in the hands of a Higher Destiny! You hoped to attain your end by peaceful means. I dare not think how long this might have taken. But now you have succeeded in a moment by the simple murder of a Prime Minister—no, no, dearest, I know it was only manslaughter—"

"ATHENA!" cried DOTTI, hoarsely, "do not mention it. Have I not abjured the guerdon of that—of that regrettable incident? Elected this day to the Presidency of the New Republic, my motto is still *Everything for Everybody else*. As usual, I efface myself."

EPILOGUE.

30TH.—It was a summer evening. KASPARI'S work was done. Beside his cottage door, on the hills above Megara, the fine old

shepherd was sitting in the sun. He had just returned from Athens, after a one-day excursion.

"Papous! (grandpapa)" cried little PETROKINOS, "what is that you have in your pocket, so large and smooth and round?" "My child," replied KASPARI, "'tis a present from Athens for a good boy. 'Tis a bit of the Bust of the great DOTTI!"

With that he drew forth a cast of the lately-discovered fragment of a portrait head which that day had been set up, to the accompaniment of the massed bands of all available Brotherhoods, on the tomb of ATHENA in the Potters' Quarter (Kerameikos).

"Who was DOTTI, grandpapa?"

"DOTTI, my boy? why that's ages ago, back in the early part of the twentieth century, before they did away with Kings and Boundaries, and such-like relics of barbarism."

"Is it a pretty story, grandpapa?" asked the boy wistfully.

"That's a matter of taste, my child," replied the old man; "but I know it's a d—d long one." O. S.

INCORRECT.—The phrase, "Mrs. So-and-so presented Mr. So-and-so with a fine boy, girl, or twins," as the case may be, is not a happy one, especially in the case of twins. Why should Mrs. So-and-so present Mr. So-and-so with what is his own? This isn't the usual idea of a birthday present. And if, *per contra*—but—ahem!—that's another story.

ALICE AT SEA IN YACHT RACINGLAND.—"Well," said the Carpenter to the Walrus, after they had both been hearing from ALICE detailed accounts in the newspapers of the great Anglo-American yacht contest: "It ought to be a nailing good race as there is such a lot of tacks in it."

WHEN affairs come to a deadlock what is the best remedy? Try a skeleton key.

"THE OLD MILLIONAIRE."

(Parody on "The Old Arm Chair.")

I'M married; I'm married, and who shall dare
To chide me for wedding a millionaire;
I wavered long; though his money I prize,
In other respects the match seemed unwise.
But what could I do—with bills lying there?—
A warning to wed this old millionaire.

In former years I had hoped to wed
A man I loved—my dear friend TED!
Yet I heeded the worldly truths that fell
From the lips of my mother, who loves me well.
She said, "No evil will ever betide
A girl who becomes a rich man's bride!"
And creditors taught me I must not dare
Again to refuse the old millionaire.

I watched and I watched him for many a day,—
His eyes were bleary'd, and his locks were grey;
And I almost hated him when he smiled,
While his unctuous manners drove me wild.
Weeks passed on—then he ask'd once more,
That time I said "yes" to the rich old bore;
And learned how much the heart could bear,
After giving my hand to that old millionaire.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on him now
With aching heart and with throbbing brow.
Thus I who married for gold alone
Am reaping the harvest I have sown.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak;
When he drops his H's I want to shriek;
But I'm married, I'm married, and cannot tear
Myself away from the old millionaire!

A TEN DAYS' TRIP.

THE tourist will have plenty of drives at a very reasonable charge, and at a very fair rate of speed, if he be so inclined; his own legs and occasional trams will do the rest; and, by the way, his own legs will be glad enough in any case to do a rest when he can find an unoccupied arm-chair or couch. At our rooms at the Victoria we are so exceptionally well off in this respect that, once settled down in Victorian armchair, or at full length on sofa, we found it very difficult to rouse ourselves up and once again pursue our wild and rattling career.

The indefatigable tourist will visit Den Kullurhistoriske Udstillings, which is a sort of National Gallery and Kensington Museum combined, and can take his midday meal at the Restauration there situated, if hunger is a very sharp thorn; but if it isn't, let him drive straight away to the Restauration at the Grand, and there take "the order of the day," or give any other order he pleases, and he will be pretty sure to lunch well and wisely.

Remember the little steamers in Piperviken Bay for short excursions; also the larger steamer that takes you about the islands between 4.30 and 7 o'clock of an afternoon. Finally, "when in doubt," "play your trump card," i.e. Mr. BENNETT, whose shop, full of Norwegian curios and all sorts of souvenirs to delight children, you will find at No. 35 Carl Johans Gade, not three minutes' walk from, and in a line with, the Grand Hotel, which is apparently to the English and American tourist "the hub of the universe in Christiania." Should Mr. BENNETT himself be invisible, his amiable representative (all that there is of him—which is about six foot three) will attend

to you and put you in the right and the best way of doing everything and of going everywhere at the least possible expense compatible with perfect comfort.

A delightful two days and a-half return voyage to England.

On arriving in the Thames, not daring to face the vacant streets of London, broiling under the rays of an early autumn sun or a late summer one, which is much the same thing, we debark at Tilbury, bid *au revoir* to our gallant Captain, and, after waiting about an hour or so, watching nothing in particular, *La Marguerite* comes alongside. We are inclined to follow the example of the mariners in the old "*Bay of Biscay*" song, and "hail her with three cheers," but we restrain our enthusiasm and go quietly on board. A lovely day; some hundreds swarming in by train, pouring into the ship, and stowing themselves away in all directions, treble-lining the side nearest the landing stage, but all settling themselves down comfortably as we get under weigh.

A pleasant trip by the lovely *Marguerite* to Ramsgate. Average bourgeois lunch *en route*. (I have tried it since. 'Tis always good, but monotonous.) Personally I should not select the *Marguerite* for the society of its passengers. Am quite content to imagine what a nice, quiet, "say-nothing-to-nobody-sort of" set they will be on the return voyage. However, trippers will be trippers, and tipplers will be tipplers.

Ramsgate at last. *Happy thought*.—Let us keep up the idea of still travelling about, and dine at the Hotel. Carried, *nem. con.* A well-served dinner at the Granville, in company with our capital travelling companion, CHARLES WORTLER, winds up the Norway holiday just in the right way. We drink to our next merry meeting and voyaging.

The next day.—The *nostalgie* of the sea being upon us, we continue being nautical by going aboard one of the taut and trim little steamers in the S. E. and L. C. & D. service, plying this season merrily between Folkestone and Ramsgate, *aller et retour*. We make several pleasant runs over to Folkestone and back, distributing our favours between the Imperial Hotel below and the Metropole above, and by exercising "the wisdom of the wise," (here 's a health to JOHN OLIVER HOBBS!) we do ourselves very well at both establishments. This little steamer, if its running is continued next season, is worth attention; six hours at sea, allowing two and a-half ashore, coasting all the way, and stopping at the two intermediate ports. More sea breeze benefit than can be obtained during a shorter voyage on a bigger ship, and not a third of the expense! When found make a note of it! And thus, after our Norway outing, do we, speaking for self and the partners of our voyaging joys, let ourselves down gently; then gradually extending the intervals between the sailing excursions, we reduce them to one in the week, and by that time the year's brief holiday is over.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE!"

Or, at what she arrive.

[WANTED, a House on agreement: rent not to exceed, etc., *comeatable* to Tube Railway.—*Morning Post*.]

"COMEATABLE"! Next, please. At this rate we await with alarm the appearance of advertisements couched in the following terms:—

TO LET.—Pleasant bungalow; smellable distance of sea; walkable to station.

FOR SALE.—Bull terrier; excellent house dog; scareable to duns and burglars.

WANTED, for the Little England Debating Society, an Orator of approved pro-boerability.

GENTLEMAN going abroad wishes to dispose of his Bay Mare, rising 7 (breakfast 8.30), 15.2, rideable, driveable, hunttable. No reasonable offer refuseable. Viewable, by appointment, any afternoon.



HUMOURS OF CUB-HUNTING.

Huntsman. "HERE! HOLD HARD! WHAT ARE YOU GALLOPING AFTER THAT HOUND FOR?"

Farmer. "I HAIN'T ARTER YOUR DOG. I BE ARTER HAVIN' THAT OLE RABBIT WHEN 'E KETCHES 'IM!"

"PHOTOGRAPHS."

ONE used to think a Photograph was honest as the sun,
The acme of veracity, sans bias,
But that was in the early days before it had begun
To follow in the steps of Ananias.
One saw a view of sunlit sands, and dreamed the sky was blue,
The colour of the waves an emerald green,
And if what one imagined didn't happen to be true
One simply blamed one's fancy for the scene.
But now, in brilliant colours, they produce a photochrome,
That really out of Fancy takes the shine;
One thinks Virginia Water is a bit of Ancient Rome,
Or mistakes the Thames at Shadwell for the Rhine.

When a girl was very pretty—vivacious or demure,
In days before photography was known,
'Twas only in a miniature her portrait you'd secure
And a wonderful resemblance would be shown.
You'd recognise the maiden with her dainty air of grace,
The lilies and the roses on her cheek,
The hair, the eyes, the attitude, expression of the face—
The picture could do everything but speak.
But now outside a theatre you perceive a mighty frame
Of photos from the Chorus to the Star,
And can you trace the likeness, altho' they put the name
To tell the British public who they are?

What charming views they forward when a villa is for sale,
And p'raps for further details you have sent,
By woodlands 'tis surrounded, or 'tis in a fertile dale,
And, as the agent puts it—"Why pay rent?"
The entrance looks so spacious and the carriage sweep so grand,
And every room's so lofty and so wide;
There's a lake and there's a paddock and a lot of meadow land;
To buy it, from the photos, you decide.
Alas! the shameful swindle of the camera again,
For disillusion comes when far too late,
It is poky, also stuffy, p'raps the roof lets in the rain,
And you could not get a go-cart through the gate.

In illustrated papers, where the interviews appear
With some Continental beauty when *chez elle*,
Duplicity of photos is phenomenal, I fear,
Regarding that most charming demoiselle.
There's a corner of her boudoir, of the salon there's a slice,
A vista of a glasshouse full of flowers,
A pond within the garden where she skates when there is ice,
A kiosk wherein she spends the sunny hours.
The camera's a liar! and we'll let it go at that
(Tho' letterpress is also far from true),
For this palatial mansion is an ordinary flat,
And the photos give a quite ideal view!



YEOMANRY MANŒUVRES. (FIRST DAY IN CAMP.)

Officer. "WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT CASE?"

Trooper. "TEXT EQUIPMENT, SIR!"

DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

II.

"I CAN'T think why we go on living in a pokey little flat overlooking a mews, and paying eighty pounds a year for the privilege, when they tell me you can get a charming little cottage in the country for five."

"My dear, shall I tell the porter we wish to sub-let the flat?"

"If you would occasionally have an opinion of your own on some subject," remarked GWENDOLEN in a tone of icy contempt, "you would be so infinitely more interesting."

Seeing that an amiable alacrity to fall in with any and every suggestion was not enough, and that GWENDOLEN was determined I should take an intelligent interest in the approaching discussion, I settled myself in an easy chair and lit a cigar.

"Living in London is so terribly expensive."

"Yes," I agreed, glancing at a milliner's bill which had just made positively its last appearance.

"You see," continued GWENDOLEN, divining my thoughts, "one can dress on

nothing in the country. A cycling skirt and a sailor hat —"

I pulled a long face; but the opportunity was not to be lost. "And I, of course, would wear a flannel shirt," I interposed casually. GWENDOLEN is most particular about my linen.

"Mm—yes," she replied, doubtfully, "well, when you are digging in the garden perhaps. Of course, we'll do all our own gardening: it will be such splendid exercise for you, and we shan't be able to afford a gardener. How delightful it will be to grow all our own fruit and vegetables! Living will cost practically nothing. Why, the butcher's will be the only bill we shall have to pay!"

"Or leave unpaid," I suggested.

"Then cabs—I'm sure we spend quite a small fortune on them, and there aren't any hansoms in the country."

"Nor theatres."

"No, nor suppers after them," added GWEN, with just a suspicion of regret in her voice.

"Well, my dear, that will save us no end of money. Then, we shan't have to entertain."

"No, dear, there'll just be our two selves. And you'll be able to give up that stupid old club where you never meet those editors you were to get to know. Well, it's perfectly true, JACK: you know you do nothing at the club but stand drinks to budding journalists more impecunious than yourself."

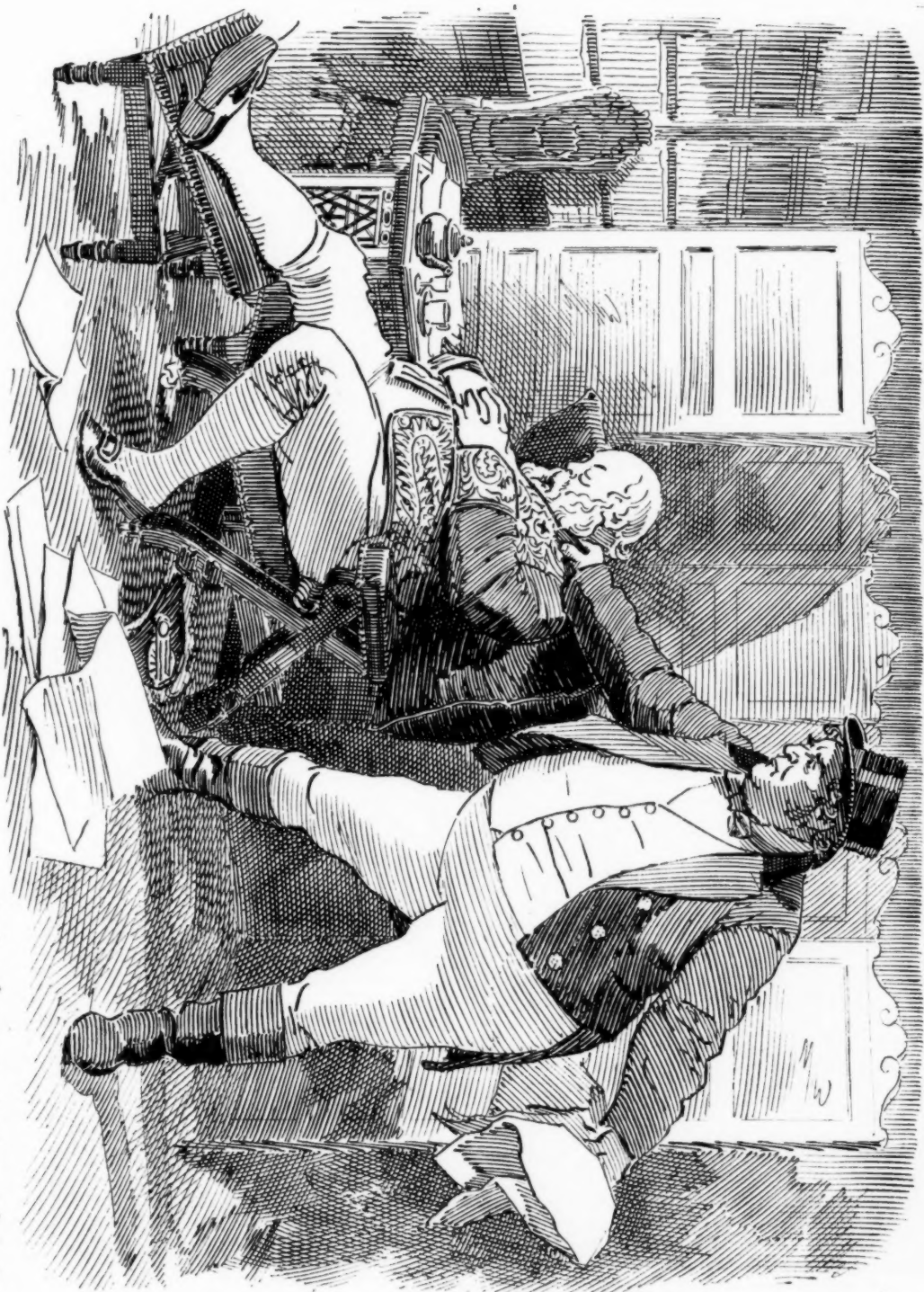
"The budding journalist of to-day may be the full-blown editor of to-morrow," I remarked.

"In which case you hope he will remember the whisky-and-watering you gave him in his youth? No, dear, you haven't the physique for late hours and cigars and things. In the country you'll have no more headaches and bilious attacks, but be my own sunburnt, strong Goliath. Yes," continued GWEN, pulling up my sleeve and patting the puny white arm she discovered, "it shall grow as big and brown as a navy's. And as for my dear sparrow legs —"

"Really, GWENDOLEN —"

"Did I tease it? Oh, JACK! we shall live on nothing! Do go down, there's a dear, and tell the porter we want to sub-let our flat."

[To be continued.]



“TO BE WELL SHAKEN.”

JOHN BULL. (to LORD SELSBURY). “LOOK HERE! WAKE UP! I WANT THIS WAR OVER! YOU TELL ME WHAT MORE I CAN DO, AND I’LL DO IT!”



C.E. Brock. 1901

Young Lady. "Oh, Mr. Green, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH EFFIE! SHE IS SO MISERABLE BECAUSE SHE HASN'T HAD HER DONKEY RIDE. WOULD YOU MIND GIVING HER A PICK-A-BACK?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Queen's Comrade (HUTCHINSON) is SARAH, Duchess of Marlborough, whose life and times Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY pictures in two handsome volumes. The work is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the history of a stirring period. The Duchess lived through six reigns, playing a prominent part in the majority of them. Mr. MOLLOY begins at the beginning, when SARAH JENNINGS, the budding Duchess, was appointed Maid of Honour to the Duke of YORK's bride, the hapless Princess of MODENA. The Duke (in course of time JAMES THE SECOND), forming his household as heir-apparent, promoted his former page, JOHN CHURCHILL, to be Master of the Robes. At a ball given by CHARLES THE SECOND in honour of the new Duchess of YORK, young CHURCHILL saw SARAH and straightway fell in love. She treated him with persistent coquetry, an attitude that only inflamed his ardour. Mr. MOLLOY quotes many letters written by CHURCHILL before and subsequent to his marriage, all breathing unflinching affection. Faithless found in other quarters, he was, to the last, faithful to his first love. Among many episodes of enthralling interest, the invasion of England by WILLIAM OF ORANGE and the flight of King JAMES is not least. The story is mainly told from the letters of those who made the history. Abandoned by one daughter, assailed with armed

force in the name of another, deserted by his trusted generals, with his protégé JOHN CHURCHILL in the van, feebly trustful, futilely irresolute, King JAMES cuts a pathetic figure. But my Baronite is constrained to say that kings and queens of this final STUART era, pimps and paramours, were a poor lot.

What a splendid-looking book is this tenth volume of *The Anglo-Saxon Review* for this quarter, edited by Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and published by Mrs. CORNWALLIS WEST at 49, Rupert Street. Two charming ladies rolled into one. Such a volume ought to be replete with articles *de luxe*. It opens with a delicate reproduced engraving of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE's well-known portrait of the lovely Lady BLESSINGTON, about whom there is an interesting article by JOHN FYVIE, who styles her Ladyship "the Gorgeous." The Baron does not approve of the epithet, preferring, "Beautiful BLESSINGTON." Mr. FYVIE's memoir is most interesting. The Baron, having only quite recently received *The Anglo-Saxon*, must possess his soul in patience until from his much-occupied time a fair proportion can be spared for further consideration of the many articles with most attractive titles. THE BARON DE B.-W.

SUGGESTION.—If Sir HENRY IRVING be going to America on tour this month what an appropriate production in honour of the yacht race would be *The Cup*.

THE ETHICS OF METEOROLOGY.

[“Professor Dexter, of the University of Illinois, has been investigating the effects of weather on morals.”—*St. James's Gazette*.]

DEXTEROUS Dexter, to be sure!

If, as papers now assert, you
Prove that from the temperature
We derive our vice and virtue.

Though we are not (ah, too true!)

What we should be altogether,
’Tis some comfort that is due
To the influence of the weather.

Yet, Professor, not content,
Win your way to further laurels,
Be your next step to invent
A barometer of morals.

Prove dog-days to many a dog
Gives the bad name now he’s bearing;
To its source in rain or fog
Trace the sudden fit of swearing.

Teach us in the bud to nip
All the evils we are prone to;
Save poor culprits from the whip
For the crimes they now must own to.

Whether, then, with glass “set fair,”
Some rare fit of virtue takes us,
Or at some dull day we swear—
We are what the weather makes us.

THE SMILE CURE;
OR, NO LAUGHING MATTER.
(A Very Serious Story.)

CHAPTER I.

DURING the last eighteen months business with ARTHUR JOLLIFER had suffered a general depression. Being susceptible to commercial influences, it was only natural that ARTHUR should share the depression. It was particularly unfortunate that a long streak of commercial prosperity should suddenly evaporate—immediately after his marriage. ENID was a splendid girl, plucky, light-hearted, and all that, and he felt that his silent brooding over bad times was unfair to her. He ought to make an effort to simulate an air of cheerfulness—at least at home. He must throw off the shroud of gloomy foreboding. He must pull himself out of himself, and, generally speaking, buck up and be sprightly. Dinner each evening was becoming a rather dismal affair. It must be altered. “Dash it all,” said JOLLIFER, pulling a daily paper from his pocket, “it isn’t fair to her.”

As he said this to himself his eye caught the following paragraph:

“We have had many strange cures from America, and the latest seems to be the smile cure. A well-known doctor of Minneapolis issues the following prescription: ‘Smile, keep on smiling, don’t stop smiling.’ This is said to be useful for melancholy patients.”

“By Jove! Just the thing. I’ll adopt the cure. Don’t stop smiling. I won’t! I will cure myself, by Jove, for her sake!”

CHAPTER II.

Now it so happened—so much stranger is truth than fiction—that the day on which JOLLIFER had registered the firm and unbreakable vow recorded above had been a very unfortunate one with ENID. To begin with, her presentation pup (from workers of Walthamstow) had attacked a tradesman in the vital parts of his continuations, for which compensation would have to be made. This was in itself annoying; but when the man became abusive (after the pup had been tied up), and threatened to shoot the “animal,” and have JOLLIFER imprisoned and Mrs. JOLLIFER fined, and “get all their names in the paper,” ENID began to despair. Then the cook, “a perfect treasure,” gave notice. At four o’clock ENID cut her finger. At half-past six the curling-irons got over-heated, and a little red burn began to throb and smart beneath the curls on ENID’s troubled brow. Altogether this chapter may be not inappropriately called one of accidents, notwithstanding that we recognize the appellation as an old friend. But we can’t all be original.

CHAPTER III.

JOLLIFER, who did nothing by halves, started rehearsing a soft, ingratiating smile directly he left the office. To tired and morose gentlemen who travelled towards their suburban homes on that evening JOLLIFER was a source of no little irritation. As he put the latch-key in the door a beautiful beamy expression came over him. It was a really exhilarating expression of supreme innocent delight, and would have established a reputation for permanent good nature among the most polished of amiable shopwalkers. JOLLIFER, as we intimated, did things thoroughly, and in mercantile parlance we may without exaggeration affirm that a steady and assiduous application to the business of risibility in all its ramifications had furnished him with a most efficient and workmanlike article.

CHAPTER IV.

ENID was greatly disconcerted by the complaisant smile that overspread the countenance of her husband as he sat down to dinner. She had anticipated a rather gloomy atmosphere in which to parade her misfortunes. She waited until ARTHUR’S mood was more in sympathy with what she had to tell him before she spoke. But ARTHUR’S mood was not of a changeable quality. A broad and generous smile illumined his face and gave every indication of being a permanent fixture. This was so unusual that ENID became nervous. But she reflected, “He’s in such a good humour I think I might try him with the cook.” So, in a plaintive, appealing manner, she told ARTHUR that the “treasure” had given notice.

ARTHUR was intensely amused. There

might have been a lurking suspicion of annoyance for a second, the cook was a treasure. It was intensely aggravating, but ARTHUR clenched his fists and gave vent to a series of merry chuckles.

“We paid fifteen shillings in Registry Office fees,” said ENID, “and we shall never get another.”

ARTHUR knew it was true, and a smile mellowed on his lips.

It was something of a relief to ENID that he took it so well. She had expected an outburst. It gave her courage to mention the puppy incident. In tremulous syllables she did so—fully. It seemed at first as though the pup would be immolated on the altar of JOLLIFER’S wrath. It was not his first offence; he had been warned. But when the story was told, JOLLIFER gripped his chair with both hands and—burst into a peal of hearty laughter.

“Dogs will be dogs,” he said, “only natural—serve the tradesman right,” pointing each phrase with an ebullient smirk.

This was capital. But it hardly prepared the way for the cut finger, for which a great deal of sympathy was anticipated. ENID had kept it in case ARTHUR should threaten to get rid of the pup, or storm because the cook was leaving. He had taken both like an angel. Consequently it had a strange superfluity. However, it was held up and commiseration cordially urged on its behalf.

JOLLIFER treated his expectant wife to a magnificent series of cordial smiles.

“ARTHUR,” urged ENID, “aren’t you sorry?”

“Awfully, darling,” he replied, with a crisp chuckle.

ENID stared at him in amazement and then burst into tears. JOLLIFER was not a man to break a resolution once having formed it, so the more his wife cried the more he smiled. Finally, ENID left the room. The puppy, not knowing quite what was going on, approached JOLLIFER for a caress, and was promptly kicked from one end of the room to the other. His yowl brought ENID back again, and she made a second exit with the pup under her arm.

JOLLIFER became a little uneasy as to the entire success of his smile-cure. He wondered if he had followed the directions correctly. As he pondered over what he had read the front door closed to with a bang. He rushed into the hall.

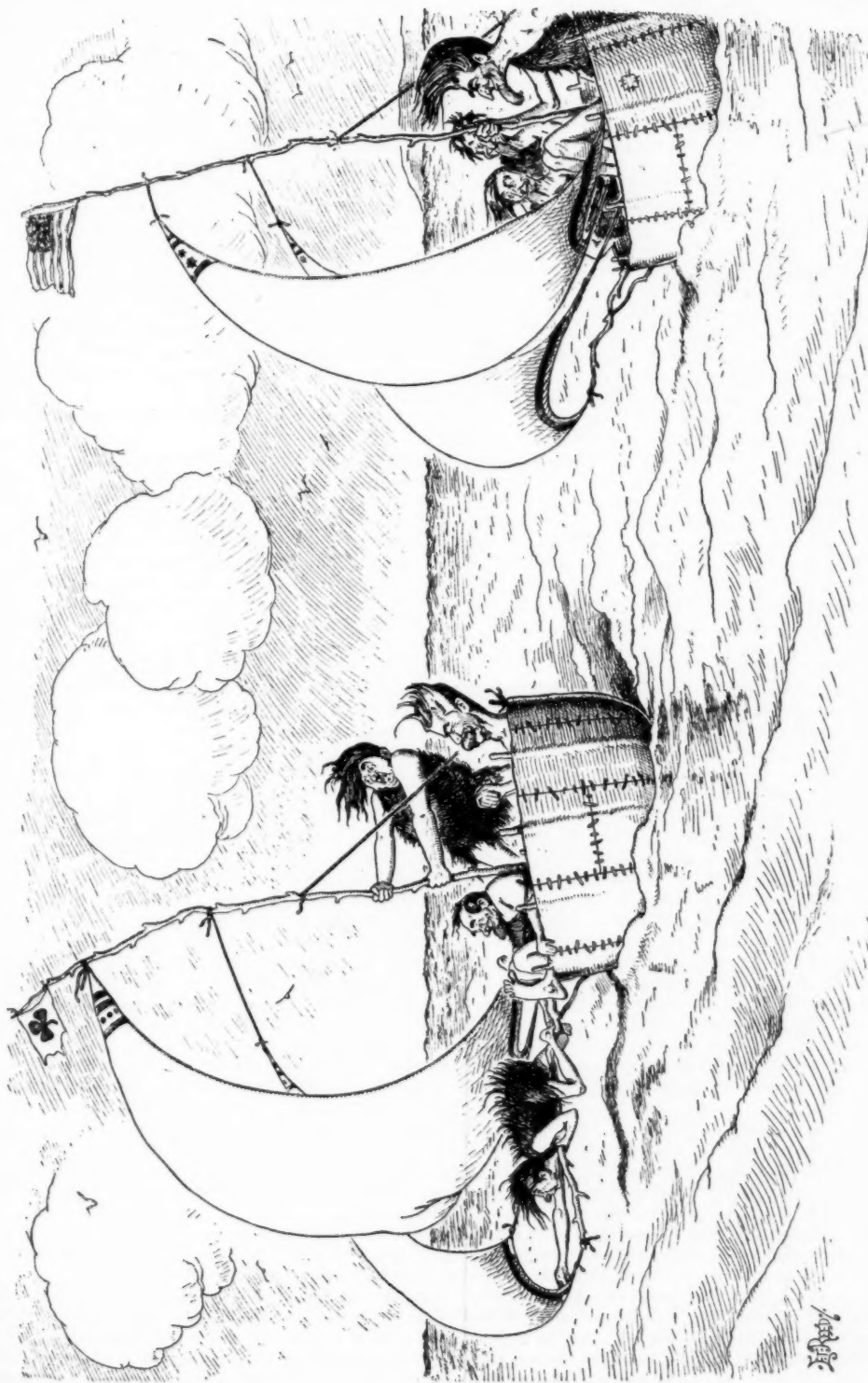
“Where is Mrs. JOLLIFER?” he asked of the maid.

“Gone to her mother’s, Sir—with the little dog, Sir!”

JOLLIFER felt that this justified him in bringing his resolution to an end, so he stopped smiling and looked dangerous. Then he took a cab and followed his wife. At twelve o’clock that evening he was still explaining matters.

JOLLIFER’S next rôle is HENRY THE FIRST, the gentleman who “never smiled again.”

W. H. M.



A PRIMEVAL YACHT RACE.

Somewhat or other, in those days, a breeze was more often forthcoming when it was wanted, and the race did "occasionally" end in favour of the challenger.

A MUCH INJURED MAN.

CHAPTER I.

Now, in telling this story, I don't want any one to run away with the idea that I'm one of those conceited asses who think themselves absolutely irresistible with women. I don't exactly think *that*; but really, I fancy I know something about the sex. My friend, DE THODÉ, said to me the last time he came to borrow a sovereign, "By Jove, old man, you are a deuce of a fellow amongst the ladies!" Well, that's DE THODÉ's idea—not mine. However, he may be right. I really don't know, and offer no opinion on the subject.

This is merely preliminary to my story. Briefly put, it is this, I had heard from my Uncle, that Miss ACRESBY, the great heiress, was going down to the Blazeaway country to hunt, last season, so thought I might as well send my stud down there, especially after my uncle had given me a hint that he was rather tired of seeing me a bachelor. Thought I might hunt the heiress and the fox at one and the same time. Funny fellow, my uncle. Of course, he's very fond of me, but he put the matter rather crudely when he said:

"The best thing you can do is to marry some fool of a girl who'll keep you, for I'll be past-participled if I'll do so much longer!"

So I sent down my stud-groom—I've only one groom at present, but I call him my stud-groom—to take rooms for me at "The George," Splashington, and stabling for my stud—I've only one horse just now, but I call it my stud—and after getting a plentiful supply of good cigars (on credit), and a few other necessities, which I told them to put down to my uncle, just as a matter of form—I toddled down next day by the fast train to Splashington; my stud-groom met me with a cab at the station, and I drove up to "The George."

The rooms were fairly comfortable; and after I'd had some of the furniture taken out, and a sofa brought in from the landlord's own apartments—always find it necessary to recline for an hour before dinner—I proceeded to settle myself, leaving my fellow—the stud-groom—to unpack my things, discover the address of Miss ACRESBY, fetch me the local paper, and trace out my route, on the map, to next day's meet. Young GADSBY, who knows everybody, dropped in late in the evening, and we chatted about the prospects of sport, both with the fox and the fair sex, till nearly midnight. By Jove, GADSBY does possess a thirst! The beggar drank six whiskies and sodas—I only took five, because I wanted to be in good going order for the next day. Just before he left, he said, "Well, if you want an introduction to the heiress, I'm your man. I'll do it to-morrow, at covert-side." I think I said it was deuced good of him, but I'm not quite sure; anyhow, that's what I meant to say, but really I felt so—tired—that that's all I remember.

Can't think what made my head ache so awfully the next morning. Deuced strange, because I'm always so careful what I drink overnight. If it had been GADSBY, now, I shouldn't have been surprised.

Got up and felt rather better after my tub. My stud-groom—my fellow, I mean, valets me awfully well, I must say. After he had helped me dress—I'm not conceited, but the "pink" rather suits me, I fancy—he said that the meet was at Bolington Cross-roads, about four miles out of the town, and that my stud-groom—that he, I should say, would have my hunter ready at 10.15. I went down to breakfast with a sort of feeling that I didn't care so much about hunting as I thought I did. Don't know how it was: the headache, I suppose. Horrid meal, breakfast. Drank four cups of tea, but ate nothing. From my window I saw lots of fellows pass, on their way to covert. Didn't think I should hunt that day: felt rather more inclined to potter about and trot out the heiress. My hunter was brought round punctually, and a quarter of an hour later—for I rather like to watch my horse paraded up and down, whilst

the small boys stand around gaping, and making admiring comments—I went down and mounted. Had to have all the tackle re-adjusted—girths tightened, stirrup leathers let down, throat-lash drawn up: it's really never safe to leave these things to even the most accomplished stud-groom; one always knows so much better oneself.

I found that, with all this delay—so stupid of my fellow—I had got a bit behindhand, so I had to gallop my horse along a hard road the whole four miles to the meet. That's enough to make any fellow swear at his stud-groom, isn't it? However, I got to Bolington Cross-roads just as hounds were in the act of moving off, and fell in with the ruck of horsemen going down a narrow lane. There were two ladies riding just ahead of me, both magnificently mounted, and on them my gaze became immediately fixed.

Now, I fancy I know something about horses. And I should be well under the mark in saying that neither of those two splendid animals could have cost much less than three hundred guineas. Just as I was twisting up the ends of my moustache before coming into the range of vision of these ladies, GADSBY dropped back to speak to me.

That fellow's six whiskies overnight hadn't affected him a bit!

"Morning, old chap," he said to me with a grin, "you were a bit—tired—last night, weren't you?"

Now, I didn't see what that had to do with GADSBY, so I answered in rather an offhand tone:

"Oh, a little. Who are the ladies on in front?"

He dropped his voice as he answered:

"Shh!—that's the heiress—that's Miss ACRESBY."

"Which?" I asked, "the one on the chestnut?"

"No, the little dark-eyed woman on the brown mare."

This was rather a disappointment to me. I should so much have preferred marrying the tall, fair-haired girl on the chestnut. However, as I could not help it, I bowed to the inevitable—I am a bit of a philosopher—and made up my mind that I must take the brunette.

"Introduce me, GADSBY," I said, with an air of resignation which I hardly felt. But I always look at the bright side of things, and I thought I should probably find the girl pretty tolerable. After all, one woman is so much like another, and they are all so vastly inferior to the male part of creation that—provided, of course, she has money, one may just as well marry A. as B. DE THODÉ has on many an occasion said to me, "My dear MAXIMILIAN, a man of your calibre ought to marry a Duchess—but in the astonishing topsy-turvydom of the world, I daresay you'll end by simply carrying off some rich commoner." It looks rather as if DE THODÉ is about to prove himself a true prophet. Well, never mind her want of title: the woman is always raised to the man's level: he is not dragged down to her's. When I marry her, she will become a Bouncerby, and that is good enough for me. The Bouncerbys came over with the Conqueror—so DE THODÉ tells me.

As soon as hounds had been thrown in to covert—I flatter myself I know something about hounds, and determined that on a future occasion I would give the huntsman a gentle hint that he was not going the right way to work in drawing his coverts—GADSBY motioned me up alongside him, and riding over to where the two ladies sat in their saddles, he raised his hat and said:

"Allow me to introduce a particular friend of mine, Mr. MAXIMILIAN DE VERE BOUNCERBY, who has just come down to hunt with these hounds."

The little woman with the dark eyes at once commenced talking in most animated fashion to me. Now, I fancy I know something about women, and I can't help saying that she made strong running from the first, probably to cut out her cousin, the fair-haired girl, who only accorded me a somewhat stiff bow. Shy, very probably, I thought.

F. R.

(To be continued.)



HARRY'S SON'S HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES. No. 2.—HOLLAND.

(Drawn all by himself, and signed "Harry's Son.")

"PAYING FOR HIS WHISTLE."

If at any time Mr. BENSON's dramatic company, on a visit to Ramsgate, should wish to give a performance of *Much Ado About Nothing*, and find themselves without actors capable of taking the parts of *Dogberry* and *Verges*, they will have to go no farther than the police station of that seaside town in order to obtain the services of Chief Constable JONES to impersonate that immortal model of all chief constables, the profound and dignified *Dogberry*, while any one of his subordinates could appear as *Verges*. That Chief Constable JONES would have been beloved by SHAKESPEARE, and might, on request, have stood to CHARLES DICKENS for a fair type of *Grummer* must be to this worthy official a source "of comfort and joy." Is it not all recorded at length in the *Kent Coast Times* for September 25? And amusing reading it is.

The plot of the story seems to have been on this wise: A and B, it is alleged, damage C's fence at Broadstairs; C, hatless, pursues A and B to Ramsgate (a distance of about two miles and a-half, without coming across a constable), where, on arriving, he blows a police whistle in order that "the watch" may arrest A and B. The watch, however, represented by Chief Constable aforesaid, arrests the hatless and injured C. The hatless and injured, always good-tempered and polite up to a certain point of forbearance, when it appears he used a naughty swear word, on subsequently receiving notification of a summons having been taken out against him, consulted his solicitors, who wrote a sharp "lawyer's letter" to energetic Chief Constable, which that eminently facetious official treated "as a joke," for how possibly could any threat of proceedings against the representative of Law and Order, in the execution of his "duty," be anything but a joke?

However, the defendant's hard-headed lawyers, unable, appar-

ently, to enter into the humour of the thing, insisted on tackling the Chief Constable, who thereupon, following the example of his Shakspearian prototype, called together the "Watch" Committee, and left himself, so to speak, in their hands. Hence the employment of that eminent K.C., Mr. KEMP, to come down from town and undertake the prosecution of Mr. JOHN WARREN, charged with "sounding a noisy instrument, to wit, a whistle," and "so collecting an assembly," &c., &c.

The Worshipful Mayor and thirteen Justices assembled in terrible array to do justice in the KING's name. Now, though *Grummer* was represented among the constables, yet the Magistrate, Mr. *Nupkins*, not being impersonated by any of the Justices, was a deficiency in the cast that rather detracted from the humour of the scene, although on one occasion the Worshipful Mayor did venture on an astute *Nupkins-y* sort of question as to whether "if a certain act were committed in Broadstairs, would the Ramsgate police be justified in arresting?" This most pertinent and far-reaching conundrum was curtly quashed by Mr. ABRAHAMS, who, showing a strange lack of humorous appreciation, replied, "I don't know, and it does not matter a bit, if I may respectfully say so!" Heavens! This to the Mayor! The "if" was a saving clause, and the thirteen magistrates must have breathed again.

However, the whole thing was pooh-poohed, DOGBERRY-JONES was not "very much applauded for what he'd done." But he was not "severely reprimanded" by the Bench of magistrates, as they evidently did not like to be hard upon one of their own officials, who, after all, had perhaps afforded themselves and the applauding public more genuine amusement in a quiet way than they had enjoyed for a considerable time. So, at the request of Counsel for the defence, the defendant's whistle was restored to him, and the Chief Constable, as he left the Court, probably exclaimed, "Oh, blow it!"

A RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—What is all this fuss? *Times*, *Post*, *Standard*, *St. James's*, *Pall Mall*, and others seem to think we must wake up. What is the matter now? Reply immediately. Never can get quiet doze anywhere but in the House of Lords. As that closed now came here. No sooner arrived than read all these papers.

Telegram from St. Andrews.—Yours received yesterday. Don't know anything. Never read papers. Why do you?

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Thought you would have helped somehow. Have to read papers here. Nothing else to do. Fresh lot came to-day, still more urgent we wake up. Really most tiresome. You might do something, not being abroad. Can't you speak somewhere on something? Need not be political. Look at ROSEBURY. Try Golf, HANDEL, Bimetallism. If exhausted those, try Gardening. Never mind if know nothing about it. ROSEBURY didn't either. Or try ALFRED. Where's ALFRED AUSTIN? Couldn't he write ode? Does nothing now. Where's DEVONSHIRE? Where's CHAMBERLAIN? Couldn't he speak? Is always awake. Reply immediately.

Telegram from St. Andrews.—Wish you wouldn't worry so. Don't know where others are. All serene here. Will write to-morrow.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—You are a chap not to help one at all. Have read more papers. Can't go on like this. If all you fellows at home say nothing shall have to make French speech here on Gardening or King ALFRED. Something must be done.

Post-card from St. Andrews.

—Telegraphed yesterday. Telegrams are really very expensive. Hope you are less bothered now. I don't see what good any speech would do, but your idea of an ode is not bad. But did you mean an ode to ROSEBURY? Unfortunately AUSTIN seems sulky just now, as he is eclipsed by the greater ALFRED. He didn't go to Winchester, which appeared rather to indicate jealousy; but, of course, he might say it was a sort of Liberal picnic presided over by—(couldn't get any more on that card, so have to use this second one, which is annoying)—over by ROSEBURY. Anyway, it won't do to let him get quite disgusted.

We must really find some title for him at New Year. How about J.P.? I think that would suit him nicely. How's your tricycle getting on? Nothing like gentle exercise and fresh air for nerves. Off to Whittinghame to-morrow.

Letter from Beaulieu.—I have just received your second card, but not the first. What on earth do you mean? Why make ROSEBURY a J.P.? But I can't bother about that now, as I am just going to begin the preparation of that French speech. I

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Immediate. Very important. What is French for "Peat-Reek and Harris Tweeds"? Can't find it anywhere, not even in BELLOW. Unexpected difficulty. If you don't know will telegraph LANSDOWNE. Reply without moment's delay.

Telegram from Wittinghame.—No idea.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Have telegraphed LANSDOWNE. He doesn't know. Dreadfully disappointing. Thought he knew French thoroughly. Appears he

has mere smattering. Am therefore unable to do anything. Proposed speech impossible. Awful nuisance. Would have shown papers and people at home what we could do. Wish you had tried something on ALFRED, or Gardening, or even the Irish Tunnel. Really absurd to be so absorbed with golf. ROSEBURY isn't. My tricycling is only amusement, not business. But no good grumbling. So things must go on as they are, whatever papers say. H. D. B.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO SENT HIS WIFE AND FAMILY TO THE SEASIDE, FOLLOWED BY A LATER TRAIN, AND LEFT THEIR ADDRESS BEHIND.

(Sketched after five hours' futile search for them.)

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—*"Phonographic Record of a First Night at a London Theatre."* The genuineness and date (1901) of this exhibit are beyond question, but of its authenticity there is some doubt, certain students of phonetics maintaining that the noises emitted could only have come from a farmyard or a cattle-show, and not from an assemblage of human beings. They allude with some justice to the hissing of geese, the hooting of owls, the yapping of dogs, the booing of bulls, and similar animal cries. We leave the title, therefore, subject to revision.

"Photograph of Butcher's Stall, in Colours." A realistic exhibition of uncooked flesh and slaughtered animals

have given up the idea of Gardening or ALFRED, and chosen "Peat-Reek and Harris Tweeds," which seems the most absorbing question at home. I flatter myself it will be a great success. I am not quite sure whether to deliver it in the garden here, or to read it as a lecture in the Casino at Nice. Unfortunately there is nobody at Nice now. Besides, if there were any people there, they wouldn't appreciate a *conférence*. It will brush up my French a lot, though it will be rather a bore translating it beforehand. LANSDOWNE could rattle it straight off. Lucky chap!

which was quite common all over London until well within the twentieth century. It was allowed to regale the eye and other senses of passers-by in the open street, as will be seen from this excellent reproduction in all the original tints. The scene is one of the poorer quarters of the Metropolis on a Saturday night, when such establishments were specially active. By the Slaughterhouses and Knackers Regulation Act of 1910, displays and entertainments of this nature were no longer permitted in public thoroughfares.